Muſt be my conduct in the ſecret night.
Hold, take that for thy paines.
Nur: No, not a penie truly.
Rom: I ſay you ſhall not chuſe.
Nur: Well, to morrow morning ſhe ſhall not faile.
Rom: Farewell, be truſtie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit*
Nur: *Peter*, take my fanne, and goe before. *Exomnes.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iul: The clocke ſtroke nine when I did ſend my Nurſe
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſt to returne.
Perhaps ſhe cannot finde him. Thats not ſo.
Oh ſhe is lazie, Loues heralds ſhould be thoughts,
And runne more ſwift, than haſtie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.
Enter Nurſe.
Oh now ſhe comes. Tell me gentle Nurſe,
What ſayes my Loue?
Nur: Oh I am wearie, let mee reſt a while. Lord how
my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me ſome aqua
vitæ.
Iul: I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes.
Nur: Fie, what a iaunt haue I had: and my backe a to-
ther ſide. Lord, Lord, what a caſe am I in.
Iul: But tell me ſweet Nurſe, what ſayes *Romeo*?
Nur: *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chuſe a man. Hees
no bodie, he is not the Flower of curteſie, he is not a proper
man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy
way wench, thou haſt it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head
beates?
Iul: What of all this? tell me what ſayes he to our ma-
riage?
Nur: Marry he ſayes like an honeſt Gentleman, and a
kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?
Iul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou replieſt? He ſaies like a
kinde

kinde Gentleman, and an honeſt, and a vertuous; wheres
your mother?
Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you ſtay a while? is this
the poulteſſe for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue
done, euen doot your ſelfe.
Iul: Nay ſtay ſweet Nurſe, I doo intreate thee now,
What ſayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo*?
Nur: Goe, hye you ſtraight to Friar *Laurence* Cell,
And frame a ſcuſe that you muſt goe to ſhrift:
There ſtayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I muſt prouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord muſt clime a birdes neſt ſoone.
I muſt take paines to further your delight,
But you muſt beare the burden ſoone at night.
Doth this newes pleaſe you now?
Iul: How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.
Thankes gentle Nurſe, diſpatch thy buſines,
And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Frier.
Rom: Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
Conſiſts the good of me and *Iuliet*.
Fr: Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.
Rom: This morning here ſhe pointed we ſhould meet,
And conſumate thoſe neuer parting bands,
Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands,
And come ſhe will.
Fr: I geſſe ſhe will indeed,
Youths loue is quicke, ſwifter than ſwifteſt ſpeed.
Enter Iuliet ſomewhat faſt, and embraceth Romeo.
See where ſhe comes.
So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:
Of loue and ioy, ſee ſee the ſoueraigne power.
Iul: *Romeo*.

Rom: